

DECEMBER 1920

Little Folks

20c.
a copy

\$2.00
a year



Something to do for Boys and Girls
S.E. CASSINO CO., SALEM, MASS.

Robust Good Health For Your Children

PARENTS ATTENTION!!

As a parent you want your child to be healthy and well in mind and body. Bodily health is dependent on certain habits that must be a part of everyone's daily life. Children object to being tied down to these essential habits and cannot appreciate their vital need. Parents have difficulty in keeping track of their children's performance of these each day. Children dislike being nagged about all these things day in and day out, so

WE HAVE DESIGNED A HEALTH CHART

for keeping track of these essential habits, practically making a game out of their daily performance. By using these charts a parent can keep accurate record of each item for every day in the week and be sure that their child is happily

Children's Health Charts Teach Habits Essential to Health and Long Life

Proper Nourishment
Plenty of Water
Clean Teeth
Proper Amount of Sleep
Proper Amount of Exercise
Bowel Movements Daily
Cleanliness

As interesting to a child as any game

LAYING A FOUNDATION FOR LIFELONG HABITS ESSENTIAL TO GOOD HEALTH

Children in good health are not so susceptible to disease and sickness that become prevalent during confinement in school. We have all seen epidemics start and run through whole schools and cities and even countries, but statistics show that children in robust good health, free from constipation, who get plenty of sleep, fresh air and exercise, etc., are more apt to avoid these epidemics. Constipation is the worst enemy of all to good health, and the child's daily bowel movements are the hardest thing to keep track of. The Little Folks Health Charts make all this simple.

A Few Weeks' Use of These Charts Will Establish These Essential Habits in Your Child for Life

These charts are based on the United States Government Health Code for Children. They appeal to the child's interest, and at the same time teach them how to take proper care of their own bodies.

The Cost of These Charts is Within the Reach of All

Parents cannot excuse themselves from the careful formation of these health habits in every one of their children. We have published these charts at a big expense to us, because of the good they can do to your children and other subscribers and their friends. We sell them at barely enough to cover their cost and offer those who wish an opportunity to get a set free.

These charts come in lots of twelve each (enough for one child for twelve weeks) at 50c a set. A free set may be obtained by securing one new subscription to Little Folks Magazine (not your own). While they last sets will be sold to our readers and their friends. We urge you to get your set at once for the sake of your child's good health. **DELAY MAY MEAN TERRIBLE REGRETS TO YOU.**

Sample Chart sent for 10c to any address

S. E. CASSINO CO.

Dept. L. F.

Salem, Mass.





SOMETHING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS TO DO

Something to Think About

Rosalind Katiepolt wrote us a nice poem for the "Something Other Readers Have Written" page, but we're going to print it here because Rosalind says what we think and probably what hundreds of other boys and girls think about

A NICE GIFT

A doll makes a nice Christmas present,
So does a book or a ball;
But a year's subscription to Little Folks
Makes the nicest gift of all.

Ask for it for yourself, or give it to a friend for a "Merry Christmas."

Remember to send in your vote for the best poem and the best story on the "Something Other Readers Have Written" page. Use the coupon. Any reader may vote.

Tell Mother to order her magazines from Little Folks' Club Page in this number.

Be sure to ask Santa Claus for one of the Christmas books listed below.

Are you going to be one of the first hundred children to send in a new subscription to Little Folks? If you are, you will get a special prize in addition to the premiums you may choose as a reward. Be sure to say you are competing for the First Hundred Subscription Prize, else your subscription will not count.

Something to Read

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

Words by Evelyn S. Batley.

Rusan, La.

"Little Folks":—I have taken you just this year, and I can hardly wait from month to month until you come. I like the Letter Bag and the Something To Do Department best of all. I made a Penny Posy and I am saving my money very easily. I think everyone ought to have a Penny Posy. They are easy to make and a fine way to save your money. I would like to hear from any boys or girls, and I would like someone to send me a bulb or cutting of some of the things they grow. I will be glad to answer all the letters I get.

Evelyn Smith.

Grand Junction, Col.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have taken you just this year, and I like you very much. I live on a farm and have lots of fun. We have three horses and three cows, about ninety chickens and forty-five rabbits. I made \$12.00 off rabbits, and bought W. S. S. with it. I have a nice dog, named Jimmy. I have no brothers or sisters, but I don't miss them with Jimmy. I would like to hear from any of you. My address is R.F.D. 3.

Louise Tracy.

Something to Play

GIANT JACK-STRAWS

about to eat when the fire began. We saw petrified bodies, too, of people who did not escape. My address is American Bible House, Stamboul, Constantinople, Turkey.

Richard Maynard.

Abilene, Kan.

Dear "Little Folks":—I could not possibly answer all the letters I received, so I will answer them all in one. I received letters from twenty-five states. I will try to answer some of the questions that were asked me. I will be thirteen on January second. I have a wrist-watch, and a Smeltzer bicycle which is blue and gray. No, there are no Indians here, Junior Taylor. Yes, I have been out of Kansas. I have been in Missouri four or five times. I have one sister, but no brothers. My sister's name is Diana Gale Duckwall. She is eleven and in the sixth grade. I am in the eighth now. Yes, I play the piano. I have taken lessons for six years. We have a player piano. It is a Bush and Gerts. Yes, I have been over to Camp Funston lots of times. It is twenty-three miles from Abilene. Yes, we have a car. It is a Wyllis Six. Abilene is about 120 miles west of Lawrence. I will write again sometime.

Dorris Moyne Duckwall.



Something From Far Away

The Letter Bag



Waterville, Maine.

Dear "Little Folks":—I took you until a year ago, but now my sister takes you, and we both read you. I am twelve and in the eighth grade. Last winter my mother and my sister and I visited my grandfather and grandmother in Florida. We went to Palm Beach. It is lovely there. They have wheel chairs, attached to bicycles, and negroes push you around. I went through a place they call "The Gardens." One place is called "The Garden of Eden." It is a good name for it, too. We like Maine even better than Florida. In the summer we go to Snow Pond. I can swim, row, paddle and ride a bicycle. I like to swim best. I live at 10 Nudd St., and I will answer any letters any of you write me.

Mary E. Thayer.

Vernon, Ariz.

Dear "Little Folks":—I live on a cow ranch on the foothills of the White Mountains of Arizona. It is about twenty miles to the top of them. There are bears and reindeer on the mountains. I wish any of the readers

Constantinople, Turkey.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am seven years old. My older brother and I have been taking Little Folks for over three years. I like it very much. I have just come from America with my father and mother and two brothers. On the way we stopped at Naples and went to Pompeii. Pompeii was a city which was covered by the volcano Vesuvius seventy-nine years after Christ was born. About one hundred years ago the Italians were putting in a water main over that place, and found the walls of houses in the ground, so they began to excavate. On the walls of the houses were many pictures. One shows Hercules killing a serpent. Another shows a man fishing with a hook and line. There were many pictures of cupids. Some were making money, some medicine, and others racing in chariots drawn by deer. Even though the pictures have been covered hundreds of years the colors are still bright. We saw charred bread and many cooking utensils. Our children were the petrified bones by which the people were

Published by Milton Bradley, Co., Springfield, Mass. Price, \$2.50. This is a big book of the best of the old classical myths retold in a way you will never forget by a wonderful story-teller, and illustrated in color by Clara Burd, the same artist whose fairy-tale covers appeared on Little Folks last year.

The Italian Twins by Lucy Fitch Perkins. Published by Houghton Mifflin Co., N. Y. Price, \$1.75. This story of two rich Italian twins stolen by wandering performers is even better than *The Scotch Twins* you liked last year. For twelve-year-olds.

Bonnie Prince Fetzlar by Marshall Saunders. Published by Doran, N. Y. Price, \$2. Did you love *Beautiful Joe*? Everybody has, for years, just as they loved *Black Beauty*. *Bonnie Prince Fetzlar* is that sort of book, a shetland pony's story of his own life. If you love animals, and ponies particularly, this is the book that will make you love them more.

Lost River by Allen Chaffee, who wrote *Wood Folk of Lone Lake* for you. Published by Milton Bradley, Springfield, Mass. Price, \$1.50. A story of two boys lost in the Maine woods, and told only as Allen Chaffee can tell a story. For boys from twelve to fifteen, Boy Scouts.

sticks shaped like shovels and other things. Out the "straws" as they are called, one at a time from the pile without disturbing any other pieces. The player who gets the most straws wins the game. If during the attempt to remove one straw, you move another, the turn has to go to the next player.

Here is a novel game known as Gaint Jack-straws. For the game you must collect a number of household articles such as brooms, pans, pot covers, coat-hangers, dustpans, etc. Put all these articles together in a heap, crossing them in all directions.

For the game a hooked stick is used and each player must make an attempt to remove one of the articles that he thinks he can easily get. If, in doing so, anything else is moved, the turn of that player is at an end. The next then tries his hand with the stick.

As can be imagined, with such a mixture of things it is not at all an easy matter to get any away without moving some of the others; so the game of Giant Jack-straws is sure to give you plenty of fun; but be sure to remember to put away all the household things just where you found them, when the game is over.

S. Leonard Bastin.

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both new and old addresses.

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The one we offer is a little beauty, having a stag handle and both a large and a small blade of fine quality steel that takes a good, keen edge. For selling 30 cards of snap fasteners at 10c. a card or 30 packages of Xmas cards, tags and seals at 10c. a package. Return to us the money you collect and you may have one of these fine knives.

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or bouncing boy, full of vim—robust,
are a delight in any home.

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with young and old,
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building



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HOSE SUPPORTER

Why? Because the webbing of fresh live rubber feels better and wears longer. Because it is the only hose supporter equipped with that exclusive feature the

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Because It Saves Hosiery

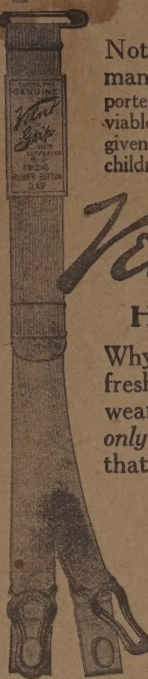
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BOSTON GARTER for Men

The All-Rubber Oblong Button

Prevents Slipping and Ruthless Ripping



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Send for 25 XMAS PACKAGES. Each package contains 48 assorted Xmas Seals, Cards and Tags. Sell for 10c. each. When sold send us \$1.50 and keep \$1. We Trust You.

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COMPLETE SCHOOL COMPANION FREE



This neat, compact, noiseless companion, containing several fine quality pencils, pen and penholder, and Van Dyke eraser. Case of imitation grained leather, closing noiselessly with snap clasp. A companion you may be proud of and one that you need. To get it sell 15 cards of snap fasteners at 10c. a card, or 15 packages of Xmas cards, tags and seals at 10 cents a package (state which). Send the money you collect and we send the companion.

SECCO SALES CO., Box 1311, O, BOSTON, MASS.

LOTS OF SPENDING MONEY FOR YOU

If you will use your spare time selling snap fasteners or Xmas cards, tags and seals for us. We will allow you forty cents on every dollar's worth you sell. These are superior fasteners, and fine Xmas goods that every one uses. Sell easily at 10c. a card or package. Write to-day.

SECCO SALES CO., BOX 1311, O, BOSTON, MASS.

PARCHEESI

and parents played Par-

our Parents played Par-

Our Children want Par-

Sold by Department Stores,

Stationery Stores.

Manufactured by

RIGHTER CO. N.Y.



A CHRISTMAS TREE FOR THE BIRDS

SOMETHING TO LOOK FOR OUTDOORS

SEEDS FOR SNOW-BIRDS

BY JOSEPHINE A. BAKER

THERE has been a heavy snow-fall and now a thick white mantle covers field and meadow. Not that only—it covers also the seeds that were scattered everywhere over the land in autumn and upon which our winter birds have been feeding. What will the sparrows and finches and little grey juncos do now? Will they go hungry, do you think?

No, Mother Nature, who takes such good care of her children; will not forget the little birds, you may be sure. She has told certain kinds of weeds to keep their seeds in the autumn, when so many plants and trees are giving theirs up. These weeds must hold their treasures until later, when we need them. Then, after each snow-fall, Mother Nature will send her helpers, the wind, to scatter the winter-seeds and scatter them upon the snow-crust, in order that the birds may feast upon them.

You may see for yourself

look for them. Many of the seeds are so tiny that they look like brown sand or powder blown into little hollows and pockets in the uneven snow, but if you use a microscope or strong magnifying glass, you will see curious forms and queer shapes. Take some of the seed powder home and examine it. It contains a strange assortment of truly beautiful, all interesting variety.

QUESTIONS

1. Do you know what winter seeds are? Do you know what rot? Do you know what



Merry Christmas from the two jolly old gentlemen

For many months in their shop, St. Nick and Uncle Sam have been hard at work from early dawn till late at night, planning and painting and sewing and sawing. And now they're very tired but very happy—for they've made the most wonderful playthings for this Christmas that ever were seen.

There are toys for girls and toys for boys. And no matter what you want for Christmas, the two merry old fellows have made it and made it better than anyone else in the wide world can.

When you visit your toy store this Christmas be sure to ask for American-Made Toys.

TOY MANUFACTURERS OF THE U. S. A.

FLATIRON BUILDING

NEW YORK CITY

American



Made Toys

When you write advertisers please mention CASSINO'S LITTLE FOLKS



SOMETHING TO JOIN

LITTLE FOLKS HOME GUARD

TIP-tap-tap," came Peggy's knock upon my door.

"Come in, brightest of sunbeams!" I called out.

"Why are you singing, Auntie Frances?" Peg asked me.

"Oh, because I am glad about something," I replied. "You know I've been telling you I was afraid I would have to give up writing the dear Home Guard stories because I have so many other things to do, and it made me feel like crying just to think of it. Well, now I won't have to give it up at all because Cousin Constance is coming and I just know she'll be glad to do it for me when I get too tired to do it myself."

"But will she want to do it? And do you think the children will love her?" Peggy began.

"Stop right there!" I said, "and let me answer. I know she will want to do it because she loves children, and she is quick and clever to think of things they will like to do. All the children who know her, love her, so I know they'll love her letters to the Home Guard. But before we leave her our letters to answer, we want to attend to all our past business so she won't be bothered about that."

You did write me nice poems about Baby Dear, and it was very hard to tell which was the best one. Esther Winslow, Newcastle, Ind., wrote a lovely little poem; so did Katherine Morrow from Mexico. Eunice Jenkins, Wichita Falls, Texas, wrote a very sweet little poem. Sue Patterson and Eugene Seastrand from Greeley, Colo., wrote good poems, too. Indeed, all the poems were really good, but I believe Helen De Guere, Grand Rapids, Wis., wrote us the smoothest and most musical little poem of all. Here it is:

OUR BABY DEAR

Our Babe was born in April,
The month of sun and showers,
When the bluebird, lark and redbreast
Sing songs to the April flowers.

His hair and eyes are lovely brown,
His mouth is a rose-bud red,
His body is sturdy and strong
From his toes to the top of his head.

He lives the life of an out-door child,
When the sounds of spring are nigh,
Smiling and playing from morn till night
Under the warm spring sky.

I'm sure he's a nice little April Baby, aren't you? Then, after the poems, you wrote me such sweet stories about helping Mother. I'm sorry I can't print every one of them because reading them made me happy.

All the stories were good, and a sweet thing about them was that they were all such joyous little stories, as of course they would be, for nothing makes you so glad as helping. I am going to print Jean Thompson's story because it had such a happy little plan in it.

HELPING MOTHER

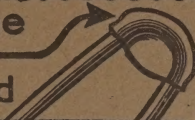
It began Saturday morning at five-thirty. We had been staying out on the farm for about a month so that didn't seem very early for me. It happened that this morning was the one that Grandfather, Grandmother and my sister Charlotte had to go to town. They left about seven o'clock and right away Mama and I started to work.

Mother and I had a little plan: we thought that we would do two things and then have

CAPSHEAF

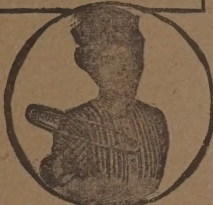
The Safety Pin Without a Coil

SAFETY—to the person and for the fabric pinned



Since the first safety pins were invented many improvements have made them still safer for the user. The safety of the fabric pinned was considered—until the inventor of the "Capsheaf" made a safety pin without the coil spring, which catches and tears clothing. Send 10c. for the sample dozen to 101 Franklin St., New York City. Use Capsheaf once and you will always use it.

Made in all sizes.
Stiff, strong, sharp; the delight of trained nurses.
JUDSON PIN CO., M'FRS.
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The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

It is called a boon by Asthma sufferers. Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

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Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist, or from us, 10c. in stamps.

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Made in All Sizes

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EXCELSIOR QUILTING CO., 15 Laight St., N. Y. City

SOMETHING OTHER READERS HAVE WRITTEN

EVERY month, during the contests we had, so many, many good stories and poems were sent to us that it seemed really the best poem, we will print as many as the page will hold. of printing just the best story and the same, one for the best poem and one for the best story. We will give the prizes just the same to the prize-winners by filling out the coupon at the bottom of the page, and you, yourselves, may help to choose.

Here are the rules you must observe: *the paper only.*

1. Write with ink, upon one side of the words long, nor verses more than 8 lines.
2. Stories must not be more than 300 words at top of the first page, with the number of words.
3. Put your name, age and address at the bottom must reach the Story Contest Editor, care of
4. Contributions for the February contest must reach the Story Contest Editor, care of Little Folks Magazine, Salem, Mass., by Dec. 1st. (There will be no contest in January).

WINTER AND SPRING

By Mabel Martin, Petaluma, Calif.

Winter and Spring are two little boys,
And one is sour and sad;
But the other is kind as he can be
And is always merry and glad.

Now which is which, can you tell me?
You have guessed my riddle, I know,
For Winter's the sad one and Spring is glad,
It's easy to see that is so.

MY NEIGHBORS

By Jean Long, Greeley Colo.

When I lived in Washington, D. C., there was a nice little dog that lived next to me. Her real name was Betty, but I named her Queenie. Now, Queenie had a little mistress, though she did not take care of her. But she was a rabbit hound, and there were woods all round, so she easily caught her dinner. I petted her so much that when a new little baby dog was born on the other side of us, she was quite overcome by jealousy. Indeed, she was so jealous that she sat down and cried and howled with all her might. The new little dog proved to be very friendly and nosed around Queenie: but Queenie was not to be fooled, and almost bit Trixie, the little dog. Each night poor Queenie simply howled with despair. She refused to share her bed with her bedmate, my doll, so she tore her to pieces. For Queenie was, in truth, my doll, and slept in my doll bed with the covers over her. In the daytime she was a watch-dog and slept on the doormat. But forever there was lasting jealousy between the two dogs, and each one was afraid the other was getting the most petting.

STORY CONTEST COUPON

I think the best story on this page is _____

I think the best poem on this page is _____

My name is _____

FALL

By Carolyn A. John, Kimberton, Pa.

Of all the seasons
I think the fall the best:
I like the leaves turn brown
For then the leaves turn brown
And birds go south to rest.

The nuts begin to ripen
And fall from off the trees,
And the children get so anxious
To hunt among the leaves.

THE SECRET

By Eleanor Abbot, Lynn, Mass.

Once upon a time there lived a family of squirrels whose names were Frisky, Scamper, Brownie, Naughty and Mr. and Mrs. Grey Squirrel.

One day Frisky and Scamper and Brownie and Naughty were playing in their back-yard when Frisky heard a noise. They all crept up behind a tree and listened. Mrs. Red Squirrel was telling a great secret to a friend.

They ran home and told the secret to their mother, and she was so interested that she told it to Mrs. Grey Goose. Grey Goose could not keep it at all; she said it right out loud and honked it all over the farm.

This is what she said:

"Mr. Red Fox is going to marry Miss Fox. The wedding will be the twenty-fifth of March."

CHRISTMAS BELLS

By Catherine Felt, Melrose, Mass.

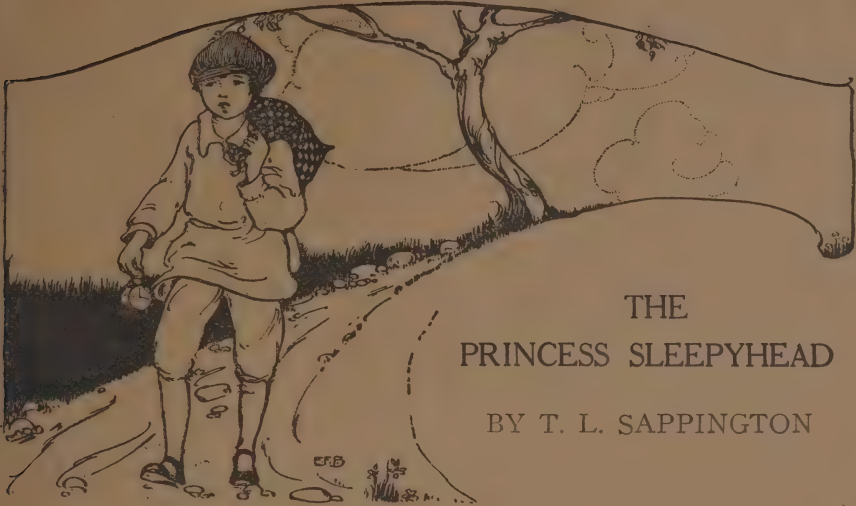
I hear the Christmas bells a-ringing,
I hear the happy children singing;
It sounds so sweet this day so fair,
It lifts my heart from dull despair.
Of all the days throughout the year,
Christmas brings the greatest cheer;
The bells sound sweet in the frosty air,
And we think of our friends everywhere.

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. XXIV

DECEMBER, 1920

No. 2



THE PRINCESS SLEEPYHEAD

BY T. L. SAPPINGTON

BOBBY Smith, a short, chubby little boy of seven, with his cap pulled down determinedly to his ears, and an old flour bag stuffed with eatables and other things, over his shoulder, was running away from home. Down the lane that led from his home he went, and down the dusty road, as fast as his legs could carry him. He was very sorry he had to run away, and he hoped his father and mother would be also; then, maybe they would regret the spankings they had been handing out so liberally. One spanking in a day is bad enough, but when it comes to three, no boy can stand it.

"Of course, I *was* sort of bad," said Bobby to himself as he trudged along, "but they might have spanked *once* and taken the rest out in scoldings. I certainly wish they had, for then I wouldn't have to run away."

It had been quite a job to get his things together without his mother noticing, especially when it came to things to eat. Indeed, outside of the lunch he carried there was not a great

deal else; merely his air gun that shot a cork tied to a string from the end of its barrel, and his alarm clock, a recent birthday present. Bobby doted on that alarm clock. When the bell went off, it sounded almost like a fire-alarm, and, at first, he used to set it off several times in the night, until his father threatened to take it from him. The nicest thing about it was that once started it never stopped until you got up and turned it off, which was what Bobby's father counted on would get him up for sure. But it didn't. All it did was to make Bobby open his eyes, after which he stayed in bed and pretended he really was going to a fire. Never had he received a present he liked better.

So, of course, when he ran away, he took the clock along, for anybody knows you must wake early when you're running away.

Three quarters of a mile from Bobby's home, on the hill, was the Carter grist mill, and just beyond that was a strip of woods. These marked the limit of Bobby's previous wanderings, but *this* time, because he was running away, he planned to go *through* the woods, if he didn't feel too scared, and see what was on the other side. And as he had his gun with him, he didn't see why he *should* be scared.

But nevertheless, when he got to the woods he *was* scared. However, he grasped his gun tighter, fished out a bun from his bag, took a huge bite from it, and *then* marched straight into the woods before he could get any more scared than he already was. And when he got *into* the woods he wasn't scared at all. It was cool, shady and quiet; birds flitted here and there; squirrels darted across his path, and once a rabbit peeped at him from behind a stump.

"Pooh!" he said, as he journeyed along. "It's not very dreadful after all. Or perhaps I'm getting braver. Anyhow, I like it, and maybe I'll like what's on the other side even better."

And just as he said that, he came to a fallen tree and stopped with a gasp of astonishment, for sitting on the tree with his head in his hands, was a person who looked exactly like a prince

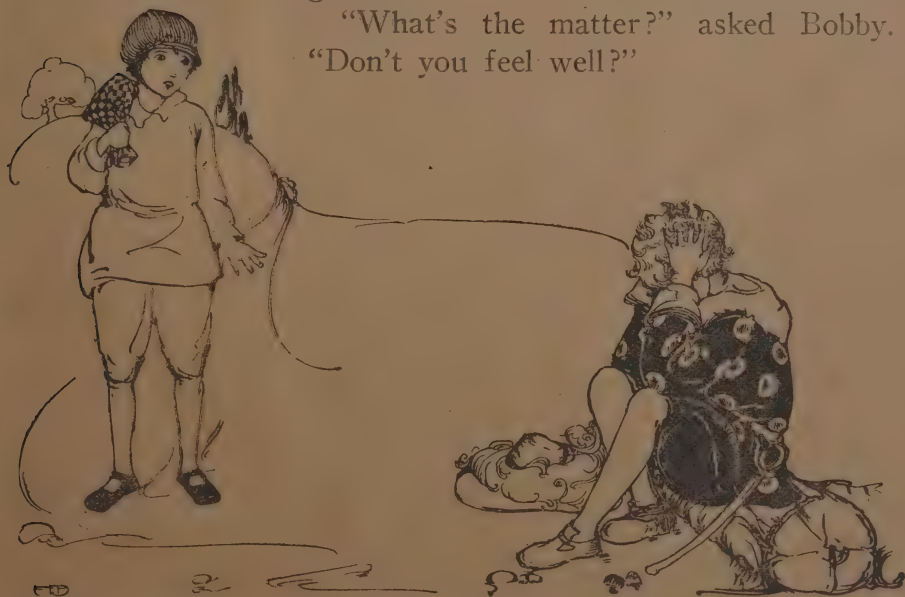
looks in the pictures. And the reason the person looked like that was because he *was* a prince. But for some reason he was a very miserable one, and was singing a very doleful ditty like this:

They told me when I kissed her
It would wake her up at once;
But it didn't, and I certainly
Am feeling like a dunce.
I kissed her, and I kissed her—
Even tweaked her lovely nose—
But when she keeps on sleeping,
How on earth can I propose?

Now tell me, what am I to do?
She's sleeping sound upon her bed.
She won't wake up. How can I woo,
And wed the Princess Sleepyhead?

When Bobby reached his side, he did not even look up, but kept on singing, and groaning, and sighing, and digging his fingers into his curls until he knocked his plumed hat to the ground.

"What's the matter?" asked Bobby.
"Don't you feel well?"



SITTING ON THE FALLEN TREE WAS A PERSON WHO LOOKED EXACTLY LIKE A PRINCE

"Oh," cried the Prince impatiently, springing to his feet and shaking his clenched fists in the air, "what a question to ask a person in my predicament. *Of course* I don't feel well!"

He was a very nice-looking prince. His doublet and hose were of the finest silk and velvet, and brilliant in their colors. Around his neck was a heavy gold chain, and over his shoulders he wore an embroidered cape; while at his side dangled a sword in a silver scabbard. Altogether he was a very handsome fellow. After he had danced off his rage, he sat down on the log again.

"Who are you?" he asked, looking Bobby over rather haughtily.

"I?" said Bobby. "Oh, I'm Bobby Smith. I'm running away from home! I've never been in these woods before. But now that I am in I'm very anxious to see what's on the other side of them. Have you ever been on the other side of them?"

"Have I?" shouted the other, picking up his hat and dashing it to the ground in a fury. "Have I? Well, I guess I have! Didn't I come here for that very purpose? And now, after all my trouble I simply can't wake the Princess up; or anybody else, either."

Bobby's eyes began to grow big. It was strange enough to meet a prince in the woods behind Carter's mill, but when he began to talk of a princess that could not be waked up, it was almost creepy. It sounded exactly as though he meant the Sleeping Beauty in the fairy tale. But, of course, he could not mean *that*, because *that* was only in a story and never happened at all.

"Gee whiz!" he said to himself, "it isn't so nice in the woods, after all. Perhaps I'd better start back home." But when he turned about the Prince jumped in front of him.

"No, you don't!" he said. "You stay right here! I'm not going to have you go off and tell the green fairy I'm trying to wake the Princess out of her spell."

"The green fairy!" exclaimed Bobby. "What green fairy? I never heard of him."



HE LED THE WAY DEEPER INTO THE WOODS

"It isn't a him! It's a her!" said the Prince. "Surely you must have heard of the green fairy that put the Princess to sleep so many years ago?"

"But—but—" said Bobby, "that—that was only in a story. It never really happened. And the story never told the color of the fairy, anyhow."

"Indeed," responded the Prince. "Then whoever wrote the story was *very* careless. The idea of telling about a bad fairy and not mentioning her color. Bad fairies are always green unless they are black. And as for it just being a story, and not happening, 'tisn't so! It did happen, for here am I, and on the other side of the woods is the sleeping Princess. So you see, you don't know what you are talking about."

Well, you can imagine how surprised Bobby was to hear that: and how excited, too. To think of running across the Prince and Princess he had so often heard about! It was wonderful!

"Why is it you can't wake the Princess?" he asked. "You did in the story."

"I know I did," said the Prince, sulkily. "And that's what makes me so angry. It ought to happen, but it doesn't! I've kissed her, and kissed her, and kissed her. I even tweaked her nose several times; but she just goes on sleeping. And once,"

he whispered hoarsely, "I thought I heard her snore. If I go back home without waking her, everybody will laugh at me. Isn't it disgusting?"

"It certainly is," said Bobby. And then suddenly he remembered the alarm clock in his bag. "Oh," he cried, "I believe I can awaken your Princess. Take me to her and let me try."

"No, sir-ee," said the Prince. "What do you think I am? A simpleton? If you wake her up, you'll want to marry her. I'm not going to take any chance like that. And anyway, if I can't wake her, I don't see how you can."

"Well, you can let me try, can't you?" said Bobby. "And as for marrying her, I wouldn't think of such a thing. I haven't time. I'm too busy running away from home."

And when he said that, the Prince looked very much relieved. "If I thought you'd keep your promise," he said, "I'd be very glad to have you try. But I

wouldn't try anything that would keep *me* from marrying the Princess.

"That's all right," said Bobby, "you can marry the Princess



AT THE OPEN DOOR OF THE CASTLE
STOOD TWO SOLDIERS FAST ASLEEP

a dozen times for all I care. I don't want to marry her, or anybody else."

"Good!" exclaimed the Prince. "Then follow me."

With that he led the way deeper into the woods. On and on they went, crashing through the bushes and twisting in among the trees, until at last they reached the end of the forest and came to an open space. And there before them was a quaint little town with a pretty little castle in the center of it. Along the streets they hurried, their footsteps echoing loudly on the cobbles, for everything was as still as could be. Not a soul was stirring but themselves. At the open door of the castle stood two soldiers fast asleep. And when they got inside, footmen stood all along the halls and up the stairway, sound asleep, too.

(To be continued)

SUMMER THOUGHTS IN WINTER

TO-DAY was cold, with sky like lead;
The sunlight gone away;
I shut my eyes, and, in my head,
I saw a field of poppies red,
With butterflies at play!

With fingers numb, I dragged my sled
Back home—too cold for fun;
But as I walked, within my head,
I saw that field of poppies red,
All dancing in the sun!

● *Alice Spicer.*

THE YELLOW-CAPPED MONKEY

BY SOPHIE SWETT

CHAPTER IV.—A HURDY-GURDY PARTY AND A STRANGE VISITOR

BILLY Boy whistled at the gate and back came Bevis, rushing wildly and barking as loud as he could and trying with all his might to shake off the monkey that still clung to his back.

Bevis was a very amiable dog; he liked to have the yellow kitten ride on his back and he had once allowed Polly, the parrot, who was only a visitor, to do so, but he drew the line at monkeys.

This monkey seemed to be clawing into poor Bevis' back, all the way, so it was no wonder that he didn't like him as a passenger. And he screamed as loud as Bevis barked. All the Browns came running to the door, and so did the neighbors.

Bee's grown-up sisters—Philena, who was nineteen, and Dorothy, who was seventeen—had cried, "Oh, dear!" when they were told that Bee had bought a hurdy-gurdy and a monkey instead of a doll. Even Mama Brown's dear, placid brow showed a little wrinkle.

But Mama Brown said, at once, that Bee had been told that she might spend her money for just what she liked best, so she mustn't be blamed; but she must take care that the monkey didn't trouble other people.

After a while Dorothy remembered that hurdy-gurdy parties were all the fashion, and she asked Bee to lend her both the hurdy-gurdy and the monkey for her birthday party.

But no one would be entertained by this monkey that made the dreadful noise. "He isn't the right monkey," Bee explained in a tearful voice. "We've got all mixed up! A pumpkin has come instead of the drum for the Pekoe Guards!"

The monkey jumped off the dog's back and stood at Bee's feet with his claws clasped as if he were begging for forgiveness.



NO WONDER BEVIS DIDN'T LIKE HIM AS A PASSENGER!

"You're a poor little fellow," said Bee, "but you're not the one I liked."

Another kind of noise was suddenly heard in the street—boys running and cheering. It was the Pekoe Guards coming to see the drum!

"I shouldn't want to be in your shoes when the fellows see that pumpkin!" said Billy Boy's brother Bob, cruelly.

But although Bob had spoken like that he was so kind as to hurry to the gate and explain to the fellows that the expressman had made a mistake and Billy Boy was not in the least to blame. That was just like Bob; when you thought he was going to be horrid, he would do some kind thing for you.

It was the kinder because Bob would really have liked to be Captain of the Pekoe Guards himself and to have been sent to buy the drum!

"That pumpkin must have been intended for the Philibeg fair," said Dicky Dighton, whose father was a farmer.

"If that is true, then our drum has gone instead of the pumpkin to the Philibeg fair," said Ikey Sands, who was at the head of the arithmetic class and knew how to put two and two together. "And we must go over to the fair and get it!"

"Do you suppose that the yellow-capped monkey has gone to the Philibeg fair?" asked Bee, eagerly.

"One monkey is very much like another monkey," said Billy Boy. "This may be the yellow-capped monkey without his cap."

"He hasn't any ear-rings," said Bee, doubtfully. "And his manners are very different."

"His ears are pierced; he has worn ear-rings," said Billy Boy, examining the monkey's ears. "Someone may have stolen his cap and his ear-rings!"

"I'm sure he is the monkey that wore the red cap. The monkey got changed, some way, like the drum and the pumpkin," said Bee. "I must go to the express-office and find out. Do you think that the yellow-capped monkey has gone to the Philibeg fair?"

Every boy in the Pekoe Guards had his opinion about it, and they all talked together.

It was decided that they should all go to the Philibeg fair, the next day, to find the drum and the right monkey.

Papa Brown, who went to Gobang to his business, every morning, said he would call at the express-office and find out whether anything was known there about these queer mistakes.

The next day was Saturday, a holiday. It seemed likely that they could all go to the fair, some on bicycles, some in automobiles, some on foot.

When the plan was all arranged, Bee began to play on the hurdy-gurdy. It was a queer, new-fashioned hurdy-gurdy, copied after some old-fashioned ones. It played "Fisher's Hornpipe" and "Money Musk" and a great many jigs and dances, old and new, and as it played scenery and figures appeared before the glass front. A mill-wheel turned and a dusty miller carried bags of flour upon his back; a goose-girl drove her quacking flock into market; and a little sailboat hitched along through blue paper waves. It had been intended that the boat should glide along, but the machinery was a little out of order, which was the reason that the hurdy-gurdy had been sold for so small a price.

The monkey sat on top of the hurdy-gurdy and held out his paw for pennies. He continually pulled at his head as if to take off his cap and hold that out for the money.

When he found he had no cap he uttered little angry cries.

The lawn was covered with children and Dorothy had hung the Japanese lanterns in the porch.

Bob scowled and shook his head at Bee.

"There ought to be a charge," he said. "You have spoiled the show that you were going to have for the benefit of the church fair. A girl never has a business bump!"





























"But we shall have the yellow-capped monkey and Polly for the show. People will be willing to pay," said Bee, and went on letting each girl have her turn playing the hurdy-gurdy.





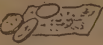













Just at that moment, a car, driven rapidly, stopped at the gate. Some one alighted, and a little girl's voice called, across the lawn, "Oh, *have* you seen anything of a monkey with a yellow cap?"

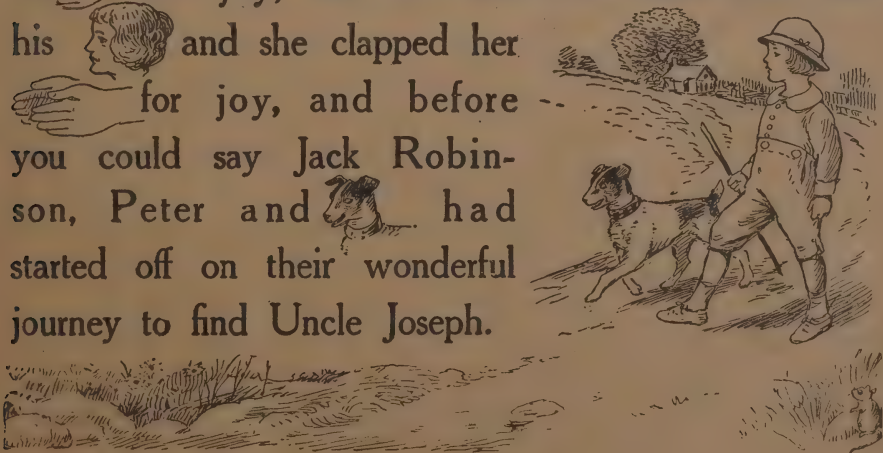
(To be continued)

The Wonderful Journey of Peter and Little Dog Trip

1.

 **P**ETER and his mother lived in a cunning little  under a cunning little cherry-  . Peter had a cunning little  -sister and a cunning little  whose name was Trip. Some naughty  had been teasing Trip one day when brave  ran out and chased away the  and brought Trip home and gave him a  and a nice  for a bed. So Trip loved Peter and Peter loved  and his mother and his  and they loved him and they all lived together as happy as  in a  . Now Peter's mother kept all her  in a little black  in the  , and every time they wanted to buy a  of bread or a  of milk or a  for Peter or a  for his mother or a  for the baby, they went to the little black  and got the  to pay for it. But alas, one day a thief crept into the  and stole the black  ! Dear, dear, whatever should they do now! Peter's mother sat in the  and cried and Peter sat on the  and thought. Then Yap, yap! Up

came little  Trip. "What's the matter, little master?" he asked. "A thief has stolen the black ," said Peter, "and now we cannot get any  or any  or any new clothes, because there is no  and I am too little to work." "Well, well," said . "Is there anybody to help?" "There is my Uncle Joseph," said . "But he lives way across the big round  and I cannot go to him because I do not know the way and I am too little to go alone." Then  spun around like a  and laughed. "One good turn deserves another," said . "You saved me from bad  , little master, and I will go across the big round  with you and find your Uncle Joseph." Then Peter clapped his  for joy, and ran into the house and told his  and she clapped her  for joy, and before you could say Jack Robinson, Peter and  had started off on their wonderful journey to find Uncle Joseph.



A Turkey Thief

By

Alice Keenan Cripps

Illustrated by

A.R.Beck



DAVID and Frances were visiting Uncle Glen on his big plantation in southwest Georgia. A roaring fire was burning in the huge fire-place and the children were sitting on the big fur rug before it. Uncle Glen had been telling them about the deer at Pine Island and how the laws protected them, by prohibiting the hunters from killing them except for a short time, each year.

"I think that it is a good thing that they are not allowed to kill the pretty little deer," said Frances. "I think they ought not to let hunters kill them at all."

"Did you ever kill anything when the law said you should not, Uncle Glen?" asked David.

His uncle laughed. "I don't look like a law-breaker, do I, David?" he answered. "I did kill a wild turkey once, during the time when it was illegal. That was the only law I ever broke in my life."

"Tell us about it," exclaimed both of the children at once. "Frances, you think Aunt Mary's big flock of white turkeys are the prettiest things on the plantation. It was those turkeys that made me disobey and I've always felt that I did right."

"I thought it was a wild turkey you killed," said David.

"It was. You see Aunt Mary sent away up North and bought

the eggs from which she hatched her first white turkeys. They cost her a pretty big price and she was very fond of them. She raised eleven turkeys—six gobblers and five hens. We ate two of the gobblers, on Thanksgiving and at Christmas, and sold the other four. Then Aunt Mary sent away for another big gobbler to head her flock of five pretty white hens. There was some misunderstanding about shipping and he did not get here until the last week in March.”

“Wasn’t he awfully hungry when he came?” asked Frances.

“Oh, they always provide feed and the train-men feed them on the road, but he was surely glad to get out of the box and stretch himself. Along about the first of February, I was up early one morning and while I was out feeding, I heard a turkey gobbler out in the wood lot back of the barn.

I went to the barn-door and looked out and there was the prettiest big wild turkey gobbler I ever saw. He was strutting down the line fence, the tips of his wings making a soft whirling noise as they dragged over the rough grass. I stood and watched him, enjoying the pretty picture that he made.

Then, I saw something that made me feel worried. Down through the pasture trailed Aunt Mary’s five snowy turkey hens. I raced out across the wood lot and sent that gobbler back into the swamp in a hurry, and then I drove the hens back to the barn-yard.

All day long, the hens seemed restless and we could hear the gobblers call, back in the swamp. That night, we shut the turkeys up. For a few days we watched the hens during the day.

Then, one afternoon, I heard Aunt Mary calling me from the field. I went to the house wondering what was wrong. Sure enough, it was the turkeys that were worrying her. She had looked all around the lot and not one could she find. It was then about three o’clock and we feared we could not find them before dark. We knew that they had gone with the big wild gobbler to the swamp. Aunt Mary knew that it would not be long until her pretty tame white turkeys, that had cost her so much time and money, would be wild turkeys, too.

I called two of the negroes and we searched until dark but

we had to go back home and tell your aunt that we couldn't find them. I was so sorry for her.

The next morning about nine o'clock a little nine-year-old



HE HAD SEEN AUNT MARY'S TURKEYS, TWO MILES AWAY.

negro boy came riding in, on a mule. He said that he had seen Aunt Mary's turkeys with the big wild gobbler about two miles down the branch in the swamp. He had been unable to get them to turn back and he wanted us to go and get the pretty white birds before they strayed further away.

I took the two colored men and again we went after the turkeys. We went where the boy had seen them, but we could find no trace of them. We rode on down the branch. Then, the boy stopped his mule, suddenly.

"Hear him hollerin'," he whispered, in an excited undertone.

Sure enough we could hear the turkeys over to the east, across the branch. I knew that I could not separate the wild turkey from the hens now. I knew, too, that he would never drive back to the house with the hens. The law said that I must not kill wild turkeys during the spring of the year, but I knew that this once I'd have to disobey.

A moment later the turkeys came into view and I raised my rifle and shot the big wild bird. Then we drove the white hens back to the barn-yard. I carried the wild Tom back with me

and we had him roasted for supper. Now the hens stayed quietly around the house. The next week, the big white gobbler came and we have never had any more trouble



THE CHILDREN WERE SITTING BEFORE A ROARING FIRE.

with wild turkeys leading our turkeys to the swamp.. That was the only law I ever disobeyed. I am sure laws are made by wise men who have the country's good at heart and I am sure we all ought to try to obey them."

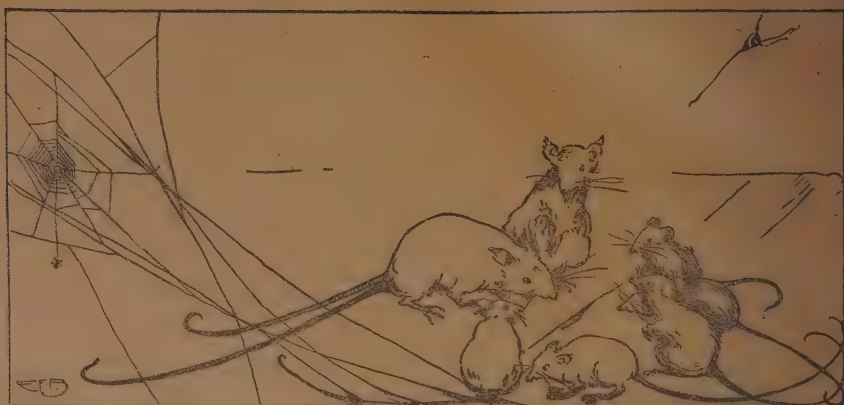
David's eyes twinkled. "That turkey wasn't a law abiding turkey, Uncle Glen. He was stealing your turkeys and Papa says the law allows you to protect your own things from thieves. That turkey was a plain thief."

"That's what I thought," said Uncle Glen.

AN ODD CUSTOM

DON'T you think it very peculiar
That children should always be taught
To get up when they are quite sleepy,
And go off to bed when they're not!

Daisy M. Moore.



THE ADVENTURES OF A CHRISTMAS MOUSE

BY FRANCES MARGARET FOX

ONCE, in an attic, there lived an adventure-loving little mouse. This was in the long ago. The attic was most unusual; to begin with, no stairs led to it; there was a door in the floor of the attic, and sometimes, so the mouse mother said, sometimes a man lifted the door open—and beginning that way she used to tell her five children stories about what happened next.

The man was a toy-maker and the attic was over the shop where he used to work, tap-tap-tapping with a little hammer, and sawing and sewing and sewing and sawing, making toys for children. All the little ones in the mouse mother's family liked to hear stories about the toy-maker: but the adventure-loving little mouse was more interesting than his brothers and sisters, especially at Christmas time. We may as well call him little "I-Wonder," because if he said anything at all, he began with the words, "I wonder!"

Now it happened that just before Christmas, the toy-maker worked all day and half the night, day after day and evening after evening, except Sundays. On Sunday the toy-maker went to church with all his children and their mother. Little

I-Wonder often watched the good family leave home and go to church, because there was a tiny crack in the attic wall, like a mouse's window, where he could see the white church with its tall spire, and watch the village folk, grandfathers and grandmothers, fathers, mothers, children, fare forth to church on Sunday morning.

After the cold weather came, little I-Wonder knew early in the morning when the day was Sunday, because on Sundays the attic was cold, and Sunday nights there were no flames leaping up the chimney from the fire in the huge fireplace below. A brick had tumbled out of the chimney into the attic, and that made a wonderful window in the chimney, big enough for a window in a cat's house. Sometimes sparks that looked like bright stars flew into the attic from the hole in the chimney, but little I-Wonder could never catch one in the air nor find it after it had fallen; this made him wonder about the little flying stars.

One day, just a little while before Christmas, the mouse mother found a hole in the attic floor. She called her children and told them that at last they could see the toy-maker at work. So the five mouse children took turns looking through the tiny



"MERRY CHRISTMAS, LITTLE MOUSE! MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU!"

hole upon the toy-maker at work with saw and hammer, glue, shears, needle and thread, making toys for children; sometimes he sat still for hours carving horses and cows and sheep and hens and chickens, from bits of wood. Sometimes all his



"LET US GNAW THE HOLE BIGGER."

merry children helped him; they did this or that or whatever their father advised. Sometimes too, when he asked them to do so, they sat on little stools in a circle and sung Christmas carols for his good cheer. The mouse children loved music and they liked to see the toy-maker's children sitting on little stools singing for their father, so, one morning when they began to push and crowd and quarrel about whose turn it was to look

through the hole, little I-Wonder said:

"Let us gnaw the hole bigger!"

So the five little mice gnawed and gnawed until they made the hole big enough for their five little heads to gather around it at one time. And if you please, the saw-dust they made fell pit-pat! pit-pat! pit-pat! on the toy-maker's nose! He took off his spectacles, rubbed them, and didn't know what to think! If he had looked up, he might have seen five little mice looking down and laughing at him: but the toy-maker didn't look up; he was too busy making toys for the village children's Christmas.

Every night, when his brothers and sisters were asleep in their nest, little I-Wonder used to look down through the hole and watch the toy-maker at work until he, too, became sleepy and went to bed; even then he used to keep his eyes open as long as he could, to watch the flames go roaring up the chimney and see the sparks like little stars, flying into the attic.

On Christmas Eve, little I-Wonder heard the toy-maker tell his children they must go to bed early, and away scampered

the children; they were good as good could be, especially just before Christmas. Then back they came in their little nighties, to say their prayers in the toy-shop and kiss their father good-night. Before they went to bed, though, their mother helped them to hang their stockings in a row beside the wide fireplace. The little mouse didn't know what it was all about.



THE LITTLE MOUSE WAS SCARED, TOO.

Another thing happened that he did not understand: a big, big spark flew into the attic and came down near a bundle of little sticks; they were the kind the toy-maker used when he made doll-furniture. Little I-Wonder ran over to see the spark, but he could not find it; instead, he saw a little blaze begin to creep along

the bundle of sticks. It crept along and it crept along.

The little mouse was so delighted with all this excitement in the attic he didn't know whether it would be more fun to watch the bonfire or to see what was happening in the top-shop, so he tried to do both! He tried to keep one beady black eye on the blazing sticks near the chimney, and with the other to see what was happening below. It was enough to make any little mouse lose his balance.

You see, the toy-maker and his wife carefully closed the door between their living-rooms and the shop, and then they filled the row of stockings hanging by the fireplace; they filled those stockings with dolls and balls, with books and toys and tiny parcels. Little I-Wonder never saw such a sight, and he never saw the toy-maker so happy.

But next he knew, little I-Wonder lost his balance and went tumbling over and over and over into the toy-shop! It was a terrible adventure! The little mouse didn't get hurt though, because he fell on top of somebody's head; that somebody was the toy-maker's plump wife; her hair was soft and fluffy; it

would have made a perfect nest. She didn't like to have a mouse in her hair, though, and the way she screamed and danced around made the toy-maker laugh until there were tears in his eyes.

The little mouse would have laughed, too, only he was scared. Soon as he could he climbed down off her head, ran nimbly over her soft shoulder, down her arm and jumped to the floor. He was a quick-witted little mouse and remembered that his mother said that the way for mice to get into the toy-shop and out of it, was down and up the rough brick mouse-stairs of the fireplace chimney. So up he climbed, up and up on the outside of the chimney until he could squeeze through a hole in the top that let him into the attic. That was a terrible adventure!

The attic though, was light as day from the fire in the bundle of sticks; the whole bundle was burning. The little mouse, with his heart thump-thumping, sat and watched the fire while he listened to what the toy-maker and his wife were saying below. She said:

"You must catch that mouse tonight! I saw him run up the chimney! HE IS IN THE ATTIC! I'll get the trap and some cheese! You must go up in the attic this minute to set the trap and catch that mouse! The house will be overrun with mice if you don't!"

Well, he did. Little mouse ran over to the hole in the floor to see what would happen. The toy-maker moved a heavy table next to the wall under the attic-door. He climbed on the table, pushed open the door above his head, and was just reaching his hand down for the trap and the cheese his wife was holding up, when he exclaimed softly, so that he wouldn't scare the children.

"The house is on fire! That little mouse has saved our lives! Pass me buckets of water quickly as you can!"

She did. The man climbed into the attic and put out the fire. Then he saw the hole in the chimney: and before he went down stairs—that is, before he climbed out of the attic by way of the table, he put back the brick that had fallen out.

By the time the toy-maker put out the light in his shop and went to bed, little I-Wonder was glad to creep in beside his brothers and sisters and go to sleep.

Next morning the attic door in the floor was opened again and a little girl was lifted through the hole it made in the floor; she was a pretty little girl, with blue eyes and golden hair. She looked all around the dark attic before she made a long speech; it was easy to say though, because it came straight from her heart and did not have to be learned:

"Merry Christmas, little mouse, Merry Christmas to you! I have brought your Christmas dinner! My mother has sent you cheese enough, and pie enough, and cake-crumbs and nuts for your whole family, and Merry Christmas to you all, because if it had not been for you, little mouse, our house, our shop and all of us in our beds would have been burned up! Father says God sent you to save our lives, so Merry Christmas!"

Someone lifted the little girl down, all the family below shouted, the mother too, "Merry Christmas, little mouse, Merry Christmas," and then the attic door was shut.

When the mouse family were eating their Christmas dinner, the mouse mother said, after she had heard for the eleventh time all about little I-Wonder's adventure on Christmas Eve:

"This is a Merry Christmas, indeed, children dear, but if we wish to have a Happy New Year too, we must pack up and move into the barn this very day, to live in the sweet smelling hay! We must move straight back to my pleasant old home!"

And they did!—Happy New Year!





TWINKLY EYES GALLOPED FOR HIS LIFE

WOOD FOLK OF LONE LAKE

BY ALLEN CHAFFEE

CHAPTER VIII.—CROSS AS A BEAR

TWINKLY Eyes had been chasing his shadow over the snow crust.

For, with the abundance of trout in Lone Lake, he had filled his tummy comfortably full and gone exploring, and on the peak of Mount Olaf the snow still lay, stubborn to the spring sunshine. The sky shone a brilliant, cloudless blue, and the trees hung with icicles, which blazed like a forest of diamonds in the sunlight.

Around and around the fat little bear chased his lengthening shadow. At noon it had been easy to clutch it with his paw. Now it kept him whirling. Suddenly his eye caught another shadow hovering above his own. For awhile he chased that, too. Then, glancing up into the sky, his heart stood still! It was Baldy, the eagle!

Twinkly was not usually afraid of Baldy, though he had known Mother Black Bear to hide her cubs, when they were small, at his approach. Indeed, he had often seen the giant

bird wheeling through the sky to his eyrie on the mountain peak with a live fawn in his talons. And Twinkly remembered the affair of the trout!

Now, though, he might have forgotten. Could Baldy really hurt anyone his size, he wondered? The shadow circled nearer. Twinkly began digging madly in the rock slide, pretending to catch field mice, but in reality to keep a shower of stones flying in a protective barrage.

My, how he clawed those stones out! Grasping them one at a time with his fore-paws, he hurled them back over his shoulders in a battery that no eagle would have dared approach, had his dinner depended on it.

He could wait, thought Baldy, his eyes glowering wrathfully, as he perched in the top of a pine tree.

Faster and faster worked the little black bear, clawing and kicking the dirt away like a puppy, till he had frightened every mouse on the hillside into the far end of his farthest tunnel.

Then, out of the tail of his eye, he noticed something that he had not seen before, though it had been there all the time. Just an easy run down hill was a clump of the matted trees that crouched, no more than knee high, at timber line. As one comes up the mountain-side, the pines and spruces grow smaller and smaller, till at last one can gaze off across the valleys over their tops. Last of all come these tiny, flattened trees on their twisted trunks, barely able to cling to the soil against the beat of the winter wind. After that, there is only a bit of green here and there among the rocks—mountain cranberries and dwarf blueberries, mostly.

Twinkly Eyes took one deep breath, then galloped for his life, reaching out flat-footed with his fat hind legs in a way that nearly sent him head-over-heels.

Hurray! He had made it! Baldy's wings whistled in the wind as he tried to get there first. But his steel talons only grasped a clawful of spruce tree. Twinkly was safe, saved by a tiny forest in which he could barely walk on all fours with comfort. But if his roof was low, it was also close and warm, and cuddling down into a soft hollow out of the wind, he was

soon sleeping the sleep of the happy-go-lucky, while Baldy waited for him to come out!

The next morning, the eagle had gone off on some other undertaking, and Twinkly Eyes was free to make his way back down the brook trail to the valleys where spring was already come.

Breakfast had been caught and he was ready for play, when he noticed a round hole in an open patch. Now he had often watched his mother dig for wood-chucks. He sniffed carefully, to make sure it was not the home of Mephitis, the skunk. No, he was safe on that score. His nose wasn't quite sure it was a wood-chuck, yet what else could it be that would make so large a hole? He began digging with his customary vigor.

It proved to be a deep, winding burrow, and the sides were patted down as hard as if it had been occupied for years and years. Alas, Twinkly Eyes was destined for a big surprise. For this burrow was the home of a family that he had never met. The chipmunks knew more about this family, to their sorrow; so did the field mice and other wood folk who burrow for their homes.

"Look out, there, Twinkly Eyes!" called Tattletale, the jay, who seemed to keep track of everything that went on in the woods. "You're after a tough customer, if you are after Mrs. Badger."

"Mrs. Badger?" exclaimed Twinkly. "Who in the world is she?"

"She'll soon tell you who she is," creaked Tattletale.

"I'm sure I never heard of her before."

"I'm very sure you never did, else you wouldn't be trying to dig her out. She never shows herself except at night."

"Huh!" sniffed the little bear. "Think I'm afraid of anyone her size?"

"Not even if it was Mephitis?"

"Well—just so long as it isn't—"

"She's his cousin. You can tell by the white stripe down

her nose—though her habits are different, thank goodness.”

“Whose habits?” suddenly exclaimed an angry voice. And Twinkly was confronted by a black furry face with not one, but three white stripes running down the pig-nose. “Don’t you know you’ll wake the babies if you keep on digging up my front porch?” And she made a grab for Twinkly, setting her teeth into his tender nose.

“G-r-r-r!” said the little black bear. “Let go! Ouch! That hurts!”

“I mean it to hurt,” growled Mrs. Badger.

Twinkly tried to back away, but his hostess only drew her broad body farther into the open. She was an enormous animal, with her thick fur—or so she seemed to poor Twinkly. And her claws were long, and her teeth shone so sharp and fierce, that he wasn’t the least bit anxious to have it out with her.

Twinkly whimpered an apology. “I didn’t want your babies,” he tried to explain. “I’m not hungry, really.”

But that didn’t seem to be altogether the tactful thing to say, to judge by the way it made her gnash her teeth at him. If course, in order to gnash her teeth, though, she had to let go of his nose. Twinkly backed away, licking his injured member.

“Come on, leave her alone,” shrilled Tattletale, mischievously. “Can’t you see she’s ‘as cross as a bear’?”

(To be continued)



THE GERTRUDE-BIRD

BY EVALINE J. FRYER

IT was bitterly cold. The wind blew a hurricane, whistling and moaning around a little house that stood by itself at the edge of a wood. The snow had covered the trees, the fences, the wood-pile and the cow-shed, with a thick white blanket.

As the daylight faded and twilight came on, a little old woman in a red cap, who had been watching the storm from the window, turned to the hearth and began to get ready for her supper. She mixed some coarse meal with water, rolled out a cake, and was just putting it to bake, when the outer door opened and a stranger entered, bidding her good evening.

He was an old man, with long, flowing beard and piercing eyes. His cloak was powdered with snowflakes and he shivered with the cold. He came up to the fire, shivering, and begged that he might share her evening meal.

Old Gertrude took from the coals the cake she had just made. " 'Tis too large to give away," she muttered to herself.

She laid it on the shelf, and turning to her dough, she made a smaller cake. But this, too, when baked, seemed too large to give to a stranger, and it was laid on the shelf. Then she took a tiny scrap of dough, rolled it thin as a wafer, and baked it.

"My cakes seem small when I eat them myself," she said, as she looked at it, "yet they're every one too large to give away," and even this tiny scrap of a cake was placed on the shelf.

Now the stranger grew angry, for he was hungry and faint.

"Woman," he said, "you are too selfish to dwell in human form! You deserve not food, nor shelter, nor fire to keep you warm. Henceforth you shall seek your food as the birds do!"

With a wave of the stranger's hand the little old woman flew up the chimney and came out at the top a woodpecker, and ever since that day she and her descendants have been flying from tree to tree, boring and boring for their scanty food. You may see her any day, with the little red cap still on her head, although the rest of her clothes were burnt black by the flames in the chimney.

Away over in cold Norway, in the long evenings when the children gather around the blazing fires, this is one of the stories the good old grandmothers tell; and next day when the boys and girls on their way to school see a woodpecker hopping about the trunk of a tree, boring with its long beak for a worm, they say: "See! There's the Gertrude-bird—the stingy old woman who refused a bit of cake to a stranger!"

THE BOASTFUL SNOWFLAKE

A SNOWFLAKE remarked to his mother one day,
His calm, sweet mother of cloud so gray,
"When I fall to earth, the folks will all know,
For I'll fall with a whiz, and a whir, and a go!
I'll pile up a drift by myself, all alone,
As high as a steeple and hard as a stone.
I'll roll up a snowball as round as the moon,
And big as the sun when he shines out at noon.
I'll make a great snow-man, so tall and so grand,
He can hold a whole boy in the palm of his hand.
Here I go! See me fly! One and all, look at me!
I'm a Snowflake from Cloudland—at last I am free!
He drifted to earth like a feather afloat,
An airy young sailor, a breeze for a boat,
When a wonderful flower appeared to his view
All dewy with fragrance, all brilliant of hue.
He longed to caress it and kiss it so light,
He longed just to touch it, he paused in his flight—
Alas, for the snowflake—ambition grew weak,
And he died for the rose on a soft baby cheek!

Nora Archibald Smith.



"PRAOW!"

THE ASTONISHED KITTEN

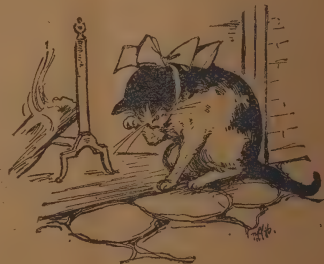
IN the early morning the door stood wide,
And he arched his back and sprang outside
With a "Praow!" He was born in May, you know,
The kitten who never had seen the snow.



"MEOW-ST!"

A deep drift, made in the night by
the gale,
Covered him all but his whisking
tail;
And he plunged and struggled the
wind blew so—
The kitten who never had seen the
SNOW.

Glad to get back by the fireside's
blaze,
He washed his paws in a sort of a
daze;
"Why, I thought they were little white
feathers—but no!"
Purred the kitten who never had seen
the snow.



"BUT NO!"



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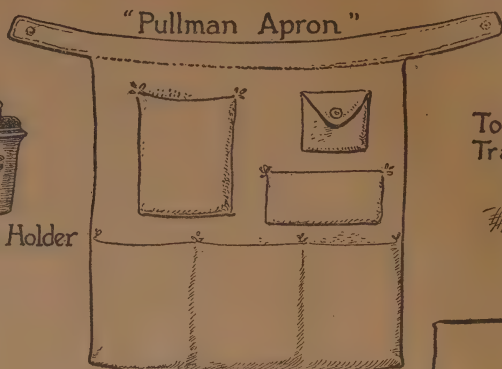
Flower Pot



Hairpin Holder



Pin Cushion



"Pullman Apron"



Toilet Tray

Handle for Tray

Baby's Shoe

Back



Sole

Toe



Coat Hanger

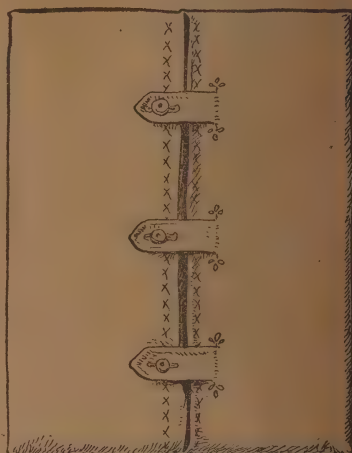
Nail Buffer and Bag



Polisher



Wall Pocket



Protector for Shawl or Waist

THE CHRISTMAS GIFTS PRUE MADE

PRUE'S FAIRY GOD-MOTHER

BY ELIZABETH WHITFORD

PRUE was ready to weep foolish weeps— weeps which would have made one think she couldn't possibly be the good little sport that she really is.

"I haven't anything at all to spend on Christmas, not even a red cent—whatever that is," thought Prue forlornly. Then she laughed. "This is exactly the place for a Fairy God-mother to appear, but I'm afraid I haven't one."

"Oh, yes you have!"

Prue jumped up, startled, for the words seemed to ring in her very ears.

"I am your Fairy Godmother, and my name is Imagination. Let's see what we can find."

First, Prue's Imagination showed her how to take a worn out hairbrush, wash and disinfect it. Then she showed her how to trim off the bristles and make them more even, cover them with a pad of several layers of soft cloth, and finally with the wrist, inside out, of an old glove. A back was applied, cut from a scrap of pretty cotton and the handle was enameled. This made the finest kind of

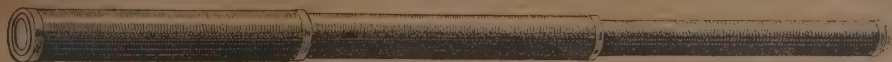
burnisher or polisher for large pieces of silver, brass and copper.

Imagination suggested that the parafined containers in which cottage cheese and other goodies come are of dainty shape and that they can be washed. So Prue decorated some with paints in brilliant colors or with cut-out pictures, for small flower pots, and filled some with fluffed up cotton and pasted pretty net over the tops for hairpin holders.

She padded the pasteboard top of one with cotton and covered it with a tiny portion of silk. This made a pretty pincushion while the lower part was a nice hiding place for bits of jewelry.

Imagination helped Prue again to make a most useful "Pullman apron" of a half yard of blue cotton, left from one of Prue's own dresses. This had handy large pockets for the toilet articles, and a small one fastened with a snap for the purse, rings and other valuable small matters. Prue didn't have any ribbons for ties, so she made a neat belt and a band of the goods to snap around the rolled

SEA-GOING TOYS YOU WILL LIKE



TELESCOPE

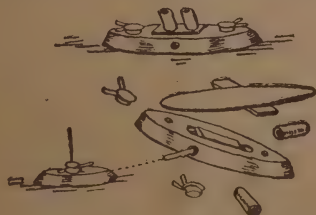
A telescope is a great thing to have for all sorts of games. Did you ever play Telescope Tag, or Telescope Hide-and-Seek? In the first you tag by calling the name of the person who passes in the range of your telescope, and unless he succeeds in getting out of the way before his name is called, he is It. In the second, the one who is It stands still and hunts out the players with the aid of the telescope. This telescope is good for games and also for practical purposes, as it will bring objects several hundred feet away into surprisingly close range, when focused upon them. In three adjustable sections. Given for two new yearly subscriptions (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, \$1.00.



SUBMARINE AND SUBMARINE CHASER

This toy consists of two boats, one of them the latest model of the large German U-boats, and the other a model of a regular U. S. submarine chaser. The chaser shoots a wooden torpedo, which, if accurately aimed, will send the U-boat into the air and knock it to pieces. This is not a water toy, but is intended for floor or table play. It is made of wood, painted battleship gray. Lots of fun for everybody, and instructive because the two boats operate on the same principle as real submarines and chasers.

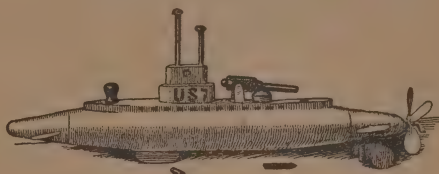
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DREADNAUGHT AND SUBMARINE

Live boys, this is the toy for you. Here is a submarine that shoots a torpedo, and actually blows up the dreadnaught. When you have acquired skill in aiming you can make a "bull's eye hit" for the vital spot on the big dreadnaught from 10 to 15 feet away, and blow it all to pieces. Strongly made all of wood, and not easily put out of order.

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WHO WOULDN'T LIKE

a Real Submarine that will run under water, dive and shoot a torpedo from an automatic torpedo gun. This submarine is equipped with propeller, motor and steering rudder, strongly and durably made of metal, and will provide its owner with hours of fun. It is the toy of the hour.

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The same submarine in a smaller size known as the U. S. 5. will be given for two new yearly subscriptions (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, 95c.



LITTLE BATTLESHIP

This six-inch battleship that flies an American flag from her stern will really sail in a pond, a brook, or a bath-tub. It is an attractive little ship and looks like a real one with its wireless equipment, its wee smoke-stacks, its life-boats and make-believe guns. It even has a camouflaged bottom to deceive lurking subs. Just the toy for a little boy or girl who likes to play in the water.

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These Boats will Sail—Get Them by Mail From Little Folks

When you write advertisers please mention CASSINO'S LITTLE FOLKS

PRUE'S FAIRY GOD-MOTHER

(Continued from page 106)

apron—and prettily run-stitched it in white wool.

For a case in which to keep a nice shawl or waist, a twenty-inch piece of lawn was enough, Imagination declared. This was sewed up at the ends in a sort of envelope shape and featherstitched. To save ribbon, Prue made little buttoned straps to close it.

Then Prue contrived a nail buffer and it was such a good one that her mother never uses any other. She made a very tight roll of newspaper about an inch and a quarter in diameter and eight inches long. This she covered with the wrong side of an old long-wristed glove, first cleaning the kid with gasoline. Then she made a charming bag to keep the buffer in, using the pretty embroidered parts of a worn-out shirtwaist.

After Imagination showed her this new use for newspaper, Prue had no trouble making a coat-hanger. This was also a very tight roll of newspaper—sixteen inches long this time, and was covered with attractive goods with a loop at the center to hang it by.

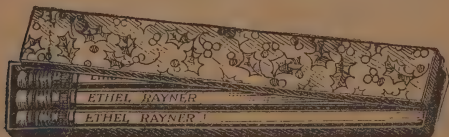
Prue's mother used Japanese straw mats under hot dishes for luncheon, but had no need for the largest size. Prue, under the influence of that wonderful Fairy Godmother, laced two of these together with raffia at the bottom and along the ends, adding a loop to hang this pretty wall-pocket on the wall or on a chair arm. It is fine for papers or work.

Imagination suggested that Aunt Louise would like a tray in which to carry her toilet fixings to and from the bathroom. Prue made one of two cigar boxes, cutting the handle of one lid to be glued between the two boxes and using the lid of the other to make compartments for combs and brushes, hairpins and other needed articles. This was enameled white to add to its daintiness.

Prue's father thought the small one Prue made from a single box was quite the caper for his shaving things.

In an old felt hat, Imagination saw shoes for the baby, with pieces cut like the diagrams and sewed together over and over on the wrong side. After the sole was sewed on, the shoe was carefully turned wrong side out.

Prue says, even supposing you haven't any of these things, Imagination will show you plenty of others, if you will let her, or if you will only keep your eyes open.



Don't Forget This for Christmas! 3 "Individual" name pencils, assorted colors imprinted with your name, sent postpaid on receipt of 50 cents, 6 in a box, \$1.00. Write name plainly. Checks, M. O., Stamps accepted. Orders promptly filled.

UNIVERSAL PENCIL CO., 335 Broadway, New York

LITTLE FOLKS HOME GUARD

(Continued from page 70)

two games of croquet. We did this and the morning passed quickly. This is what I did:

1. Fed chickens
2. Mopped floors
- Played croquet
1. Fed pigs
2. Picked strawberries
- More croquet

Then we went together to get the mail. It happened that my birthday was to be Monday, and I expected my present from Auntie and Uncle to come. I hurried to open the package and I found the daintiest little solid gold watch, and my, but I was pleased!

At noon we had a regular little feast, just especially for two. After dinner we washed the dishes, hoed some corn, fed the chickens, played croquet and read.

It was seven-fifteen when the folks got home, and after supper we had the most fun roasting marshmallows and popping corn.

Wasn't that a nice, happy day, all full of love and work and play?

Jean Henry sends us such sweet little letters when we send him our money, and I am sure it is a great help to him to get what we send him. I think it would be nice for all the Home Guard children, who can, to send a little money to Jean Henry on your own birthdays. You can send it just as you have been doing, and it will be sent right on to him.

Some of you write me that you have such big Home Guard Clubs! I am proud of you!

Goodbye, dear children! I hope you'll have a Merry Christmas, and here's a kiss all round and love from Robin, Peg and little May.

Auntie Frances.

Real Walking Doll

FREE

One foot tall, really walks, putting each little foot down as daintily as you please. Strongly made of very heavy cardboard in beautiful colors. Both sides alike. Operates by handle—very simple. Unlike any other walking doll ever made. Given for selling 18 cards snap fasteners, or 18 pkgs. Xmas cards, tags and seals at 10c. a card, or pkg. Write to-day.

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BINGO COMPANY, DEPT. 952 BINGHAMTON, N. Y.



Bessie Beech-Nut Her Letter

DEAR MOTHER
I HOPE IT IS
NOT RANEING AT AUNT
HELENZ. IT IS RANEING
HERE I HOPE IT STOPS.
I HOPE JULIA GIVES I
AND BROTHOR A TEA
PARTY TODAY.
I HOPE WE HAVE SOM
BEECH-NUT PEANUT BUTTER
SANWISHES BECAUSE
BROTHOR AND I LOVE
BEECH-NUT PEANUT BUTTER
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Bessie

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CROUP OR WHOOPING COUGH

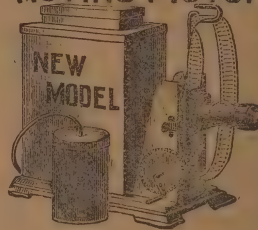
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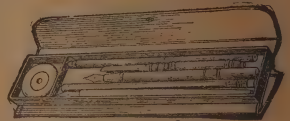


This doll is a foot tall. You can make her walk and her feet really move. Made of firm, stout cardboard, reversible, so she is complete, back and front. She has a lovely face and is dressed in bright colors. Given for selling 12 pkgs. Bluine at 15 cents a pkg. Write for it to-day.

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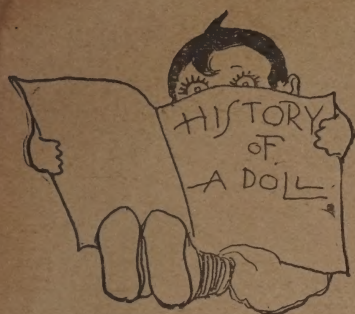
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"The Story of a Doll" Will Be Sent FREE

To any little girl who sends us her name and address, we'll send a delightfully interesting booklet about a doll FREE.

AMBERG DOLLS you know are the loveliest and most beautiful of all dolls and are made right here in U. S. A. If anyone tells you they are going to get you a doll, tell them you want an **AMBERG DOLLY**. If the store hasn't these dolls write us and we'll see that your dealer gets the doll you want.

LOUIS AMBERG & SONS

Dept. 13, 101 East 16th St.,
New York City



Will Santa Claus Leave You An Auto-Wheel Coaster

He has one ready for you. For a year he has been making **Auto-Wheel Coasters** and **Auto-Wheel Convertible Roadsters** in his big factory at North Tonawanda, in order to have enough to go around. And now he has an

Auto-Wheel Coaster
and an
Auto-Wheel Roadster

for every child who wants one.

The **Auto-Wheel** is Santa's favorite. He tried it out. He tested it. He tells you it is the fastest wagon made. He says it will carry a thousand pounds and still be able to carry more. He knows that when you turn the sharp corners the **Auto-Wheel** will not tip over. And he knows that after your first ride, you will agree with him that it is the best coaster wagon.

Write to Santa in care of us. Tell him to send you the **Auto-Wheel** booklet so you can pick out the **Auto-Wheel** wagon you want. Just tell Santa the names of 3 coaster dealers in your town, saying which ones sell the wagon with the name **Auto-Wheel** on the sides. Santa will send the booklet.

There are two models. The **Auto-Wheel Coaster** is the one which Santa is leaving in the picture above. It is the box wagon type. And then, there is the **Auto-Wheel Convertible Roadster**. It is a Coaster when the sides are turned down—and a Roadster when the sides are turned up.

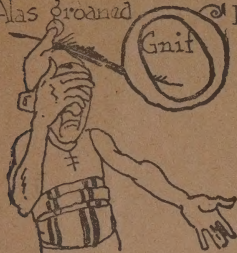
Remember, Santa Claus has one for you, if you want it.

The Auto-Wheel Coaster Co., Inc.
formerly
The Buffalo Sled Company

187 Schenck St., N. Tonawanda, N. Y.
Export Office, 305 West 23rd St., New York City
In Canada: Preston, Ont.

ADVENTURES of the IVORY HEROES

Alas groaned



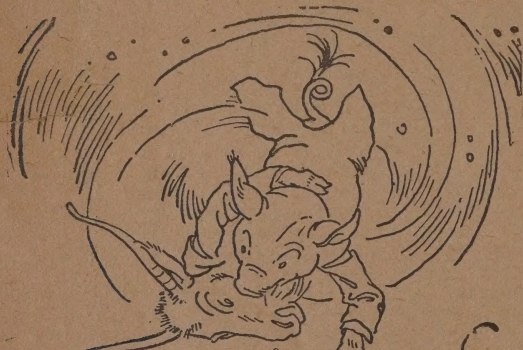
Chapter

X

The

Quarrel Ends.

their wrathful ravings. They rolled and stumbled to and fro with angry lurch and hitch, so, hardly could the human eye determine which was which.



They rolled and stumbled to and fro.

"Alas," groaned Gnif the Gnome, "I am exceedingly *disgusted*." "Oh, dear," sighed Betty, "ne'er again can Bill and Pete be trusted. This *must* be stopped. Now let me think. Oh, blessed thought—I see as *usual* our troubles shall be solved with I-V-O-R-Y. Bob, shave in slivers thin and smooth a dozen cakes of soap and scatter them beside

H, yes, that fight 'tween Pete and Bill was very *wrong*, alack! It spoiled their dispositions and it made their records black. Brave heroes in a common cause of cleanliness and right should never fall from peace and grace by getting in a fight. But like the flame's consuming scourge amid a pile of shavings that butting goat and grunting pig kept up

and down they went



that pond up yonder grassy slope. Then Gnif my dear, pour buckets full of water o'er the slivers; *I* have a plan to cool their wrath and make repentant shivers."

Both Bob and Gnif obeyed at once. "Now take this useful rope," said Betty "and you'll soon behold wrath cleansed with IVORY SOAP. Gnif, hold one end as Bob and I run round that naughty fight, then *you* run the other way and pull those fighters tight."

And it was done. Bill Goat and Pete were caught with cautious ease, but great and most effective was the *tightness* of the squeeze. It took no skill to drag the pair to where the sudsy shavings just mingled with Pete's naughty rage and Bill's outrageous ravings. Of course they slipped and down they went all in a sudsy puddle, then they were dragged into the pond a thrashing, splashing muddle. Then they two got the washing of their lives in IVORY bubbles. *This* cooled their tempers splendidly and solved our heroes' troubles.

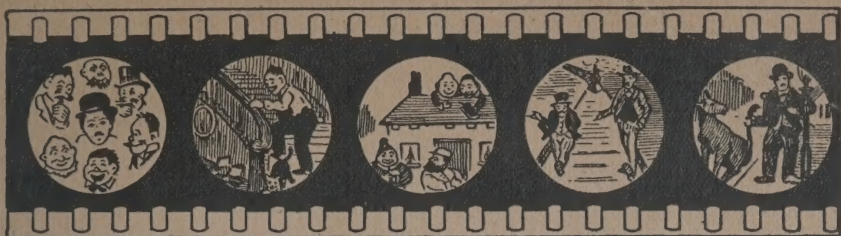
"Oh, keep this up," cried Billy Goat from soap suds gaily spouting. "I'm turning to an angel goat, I feel my wings a-sprouting!" And so it was, that Goat and Pig were washed of every stain and never, never in their lives were known to fight again.

So, even naughty tempered folks
Need not abandon hope
Of perfect reformation if
They use pure IVORY SOAP.

IVORY SOAP
IT FLOATS 99 $\frac{44}{100}$ % PURE



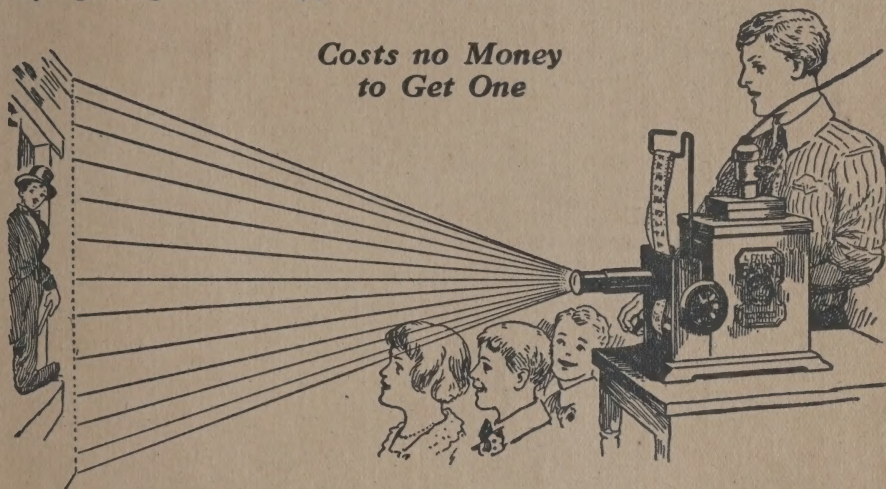
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THE CHILD'S
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SALEM, MASS.





PAT-A-CAKE, pat-a-cake, baker's
man!

Yes, I will, master, as fast as I can;

Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with
T,

Put it in the oven for Tommy and me.



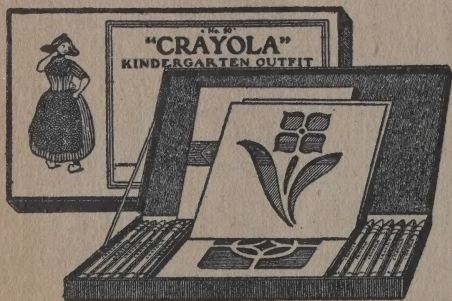
CRAYOLA

Drawing Crayon for Little Folks

"CRAYOLA!" That's the name to use when buying drawing crayons for your little folks. CRAYOLA is made in twenty-four permanent, brilliant colors that will not smear or run.

These colors can be worked, one over the other, so that any effect can be produced. They completely eliminate the untidiness which is likely to accompany the use of watercolors by children.

Your Stationer Sells CRAYOLA!



No. 50 "CRAYOLA" KINDERGARTEN SET, shown above, is a pleasing gift for little folks and also admirably adapted for use by grown-ups in stenceling on fabrics. This outfit contains twelve assorted colors—paper-wrapped crayons six inches long, one outline drawing book and three art stencils, all in a serviceable box, 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ "x6 $\frac{1}{4}$ ", with hinged cover.

No. 8 CRAYOLA, shown above, to the left, contains eight colors—paper-wrapped crayons, 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ " long, and is a very popular assortment for children who are just beginning to develop interest in drawing in colors.

No. 24 "RUBENS" CRAYOLA, shown above, to the right, contains twenty-four assorted colors in the patent shoulder box. Made by an improved French process. These crayons are especially adapted to stenceling.

BINNEY & SMITH CO.
81 Fulton St., New York City